

Silk on Skin

*Ultimate Reddie Smut
Series - VI*

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Silk on Skin by yallreddieforthis

Series: [Ultimate Reddie Smut Series \[6\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: BDSM, Biting, Bottom Richie, Creampie, Cum Swallowing, Dirty Talk, Dominant Eddie, Hair-pulling, M/M, Oral Sex, Orgasm Control, Orgasm Denial, Praise Kink, Rough Sex, Shameless Smut, Smut, Spanking, Submissive Richie, Tied-Up Richie

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Summary:

Richie finally gains the courage to ask Eddie if they could try something he's always wanted to try.

(Compilation of all bottom!Richie requests)

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Author's Note:

I've finally decided to write this widely requested prompt! Many people suggested bottom!Richie (bi_loser99, sofi daifle, and McKenna) so I decided to save time by trying to combine all of the requests together in order to move onto other ideas on the prompt list. Like I said, I put them all together and some requests might've contradicted others so I apologize if your request wasn't exactly what you wanted, I just needed to save time.

I loved writing this super kinky smut so if you have kinky suggestions please comment!

"I want you to tie me up." It was sudden and unexpected. Richie and Eddie had just been sitting down together and watching a movie on Eddie's couch while his mom was gone visiting his aunt for a few days. Things had gotten quiet and they were both a bit worked up from their most recent make-out session but Eddie had pulled away so he wouldn't miss his favourite part.

Eddie sits up with wide eyes and turns towards him. "Sorry, what?" He tries to hold back a smirk.

"I... want you to tie me up...?" Richie repeats shyly, his face going bright red. "You know what? Just never mind. It's fine," he repeats quickly and turns towards the TV again.

Eddie pauses the TV, causing Richie to groan, and turns towards him with a cheeky grin. "No, no, go on..."

Richie side-eyes and glares at him before continuing after a deep breath. "You know... just tie me up and stuff. Like when you get really... dominant and stuff," he mumbles into the pillow he was now hiding his face in.

Eddie leans in while Richie's eyes are still covered by the cushion "Great, let's go..." he purrs in his ear and grabs one of his hands.

"Wait, now?" he squeaks out as Eddie pulls him onto his feet.

"Yes, *now*," he rolls his eyes and drags him upstairs. He pushes him into his room and he stumbles a bit. "Strip," he sighs, sounding bored; almost as if he's done this a million times.

Richie quickly drops his jeans and stumbles out of them. He undresses as fast as he can as Eddie crosses the room as delicate and as beautiful as a cat and opens his closet. He runs his fingers along the colourful fabrics hung up before sliding out a couple of scarves that were hooked through the hanger and folding them calmly at the end of the bed.

Richie sits down in the middle of his bed and fiddles with the duvet. "Lay back," Eddie instructs. Richie obeys instantly and lifts his arms up to the headboard as soon as Eddie picks up a scarf. The smaller boy smiles to himself at that and walks to the head of the bed. "Good boy," he says softly and loops the silk through the bars of the headboard and around his crossed over wrists. He makes sure he's bound tightly but loose enough so it wouldn't hurt him unless he tugged on them. He grabs another and ties it around his left ankle before tying the end to the bedpost, leaving enough slack in it to be

able to push his legs apart and up. He repeats his actions on his right ankle and left a small kiss on his knee.

Eddie pulls his shirt over his head and trails his fingers across Richie's chest in featherlight patterns, sending shivers down the boy's spine. He slides his shorts off as well and climbs on top of him to straddle his chest in nothing but his boxers. He cocks his head to the side and watches Richie for a moment to make the boy underneath him squirm uncomfortably, feeling overexposed.

Eddie slides two of his fingers across Richie's soft lips and gently pushes them inside of his mouth. "Suck," he commands. He waits for him to get them wet enough and pulls them out with a small pop, a trail of his saliva following them. He reaches behind him and spreads Richie's knees apart, pressing the tip of his finger to his hole until it pushes past the tight ring of muscle.

Halfway through Eddie prepping him, Richie starts to let out tiny whines. After he curses under his breath Eddie furrows his eyebrows and tilts his head to the side. "I don't need to gag you too, do I?"

Richie opens his eyes and shakes his head shyly. "N-no..." he whispers.

"No, what?" Eddie corrects with a sharp slap to his thigh.

"No, master!" Richie moans out and tugs against his restraints.

"Good boy..." he whispers and rubs over the reddening mark on his leg. He continues to push his fingers into him and runs his fingers through his thick curls, giving them a sharp tug after a second that forces another moan of pleasure from him.

Once he thinks he's stretched out enough he pulls out his fingers and moves down his body to position himself between his legs. "Should I fuck you here... or on your hands and knees?" he hums, speaking more to himself than him. "As pretty as you look while I fuck you, I think you belong with your face pressed into a mattress." Eddie undoes the restraints on his ankles and flips him over before he can tie them again properly.

Eddie spreads him out in front of him and presses his thumb against his hole. When Richie let's out a needy whine he silences him with a harsh smack to his ass. He gives himself a few tugs before pressing the head of his cock against him and only gently pressing in to tease him. Richie whines out once again and Eddie punishes him by slamming his hips in all the way without warning. Richie bites down onto the pillow so he doesn't scream out in pleasure and curls his fingers around the scarf holding his hands. He holds himself up on his elbows as the mattress begins to shake and pound against the wall with every one of his thrusts. Eddie reaches forward and grabs onto his hair, pulling his head back so he could kiss and bite at his neck hungrily as he pounded into him.

"Oh fuck, Eds..." Richie moans whorishly. He gets spanked once again and helps. "M-Master!" he corrects. Eddie smirks against his neck. He loved how dominant he felt with Richie. He always felt so inferior in his everyday life due to his size, but in the bedroom, he had all the control. He could control him and order him around as much as he liked and Richie would just *submit*. It was an amazing feeling.

Richie leans down to try and rut against the bed and Eddie pulls his hips back up with a growl. "If you can't cum just from my cock, you don't deserve to cum at all..." he whispers in his ear. Richie whimpers and nods against the pillow. He was even closer just from those words so he didn't think it would have to be an issue.

Eddie pounded against his prostate harder and Richie held back as best as he could. "Please let me cum, Master... please," Richie begs silently.

"You don't cum until I have." Eddie's tone was firm and strict and Richie knew not to disobey him. He bit down on his bottom lip and tried his hardest not to come undone. "Oh fuck, here it comes..." he groans and starts thrusting slow and rough. He slams his hips into him one last time and finishes inside of him with a shaky moan. He presses his forehead against his back while regaining his composure. Richie lets out a small whimper and Eddie pulls out. He quickly unties his restraints "You did perfect, baby..." he whispers and turns him over. He leans down and wraps his lips around him, bobbing his head once, twice, before Richie bucks his hips and arches his back and then finishes messily into his mouth.

Eddie rubs his hip as he comes down from his high and swallows before kissing him gently. "That was a great idea, Rich..." he yawns and falls asleep next to him.